REFLECTIONS OF AN EXILE

Raja Mahendra Pratap

Indian Book Company, Limited
37, Nisbet Road, LAHORE.

First Impression

All Rights Reserved

Published by Dina Nath M.A., for Indian Book Co Ltd, Lahore, and printed by Vishwa Nath M.A. at the Arya Press Ltd., Mohan Lal Road, Lahore.

PREFACE

This book, as its name denotes, is in tended to give a reflective account of some of the very important and inte resting events and ; experiences in my life during exile. Once I may describe my interview with Kaiser William, next I may take my readers to the Court of the King of Afghanistan. I shall further dare to describe unim portant events in some dreary desert. The object of this book is to bring out some interesting facts of my life which went a long way to build my career. It is hoped that readers will benefit by these experiences.

During the course of my life, which attained full sixty years on the 7th of December 1946, I have written several books and many pamphlets. I ask my readers to read some of my books to know more of my roaming life and to study my plans. This book should serve more as an introduction to all that I said and believed than a book of books.

17th November, 1946. Mahendra Pratap

CONTENTS

CHAPTER I. **This is Germany** 9
My interview with Kaiser 11
My visit to the Russian Front 14
A visit to the prisoners' camp 17
Germany in 1918 19
Revolution in Germany 20
Once more in Germany 24
Germany in 1924 25
Germany in 1927 25
Germany in 1829 25
Germany in 1930 27

CHAPTER II. **How I escaped death on several occasions** 29
Cave of snakes 31
A step and I would have been entrapped 33
Typhoid did not kill me 34
Was it a case of poisoning ? 36
Encounters with robbers 38
Some kind of bad food 40

CHAPTER III. **This is Soviet Russia** 43
My interview with Comrade Lenin 45
My trip to Afghanistan in 1919 47
1920 brought me once again to the land of Soviet Russia 49
In years 1923 and 1924 52
In 1926 and 1927 55
Soviet Russia in 1928 and 1929 56
In 1930 60

CHAPTER IV. **This is Afghanistan** 61
In 1915, 1916, 1917 and 1918 63
Liberal views of the crown prince 65
Contribution of Afghanistan for India's freedom 66

Religion of Love 68
My tours in Afghanistan 69

CHAPTER V. **Let Tibet tell its own story** 71
Picture of Tibet 73
A scuffle in Tibet 75
Chamdo 75
Visit to the Governor. 76
Lama Phagphala 78
My life at Kandesagumba 79
Devil Dance 81
Back from Tibet 82

CHAPTER VI. **This is China** 85
My wanderings in China 87
Back to China 93
Visit to China in 1927—28 96

CHAPTER VII. **This is America** 99
America 101
Year 1925 104
The United States in 1927 105
The States in 1930 106
In 1935 107

CHAPTER VIII. **This is Japan** 109
Japan 111
Japan in 1922—23 112
Japan in 1925 114
Japan in 1926 115
Japan in 1927 118
Japan in 1928 119
Japan in 1930—31 119
Japan in 1932—33—1934 120
Japan in 1935—36 121
Japan in 1936—46 122

I

THIS IS GERMANY

My Interview With Kaiser

It was in February 1915 that I went over the frontier of Switzerland and entered Germany. It is difficult to depict the state of my mind when I jumped into the unknown. What was I doing, how would I fare and what could be the result of this adventure was too early to guess. I took a small room at the Continental, Hotel, Berlin. Why a small room ? If I could decide that I was already a colleague of the German warriors I would have gladly accepted the Imperial hospitality of the German Reich. But I had not decided. I considered myself still studying the war situation. It was no secret. I had not run away from my country. I had applied for a British passport to study the war situation in Europe. I was still thinking that if things did not go to my satisfaction I could return back to Switzerland, and in such a case I could not conscientiously accept the hospitality of the Germans. I was, therefore, living as economically as possible. The Germans, however, were lavishly entertaining me. Banquets after banquets followed. To my astonishment our views co-ordinated and I soon found that we were in the same boat.

The day that I was taken to see the

Kaiser was the *red day* of that boisterous life. Even to-day the picture of that day appears fresh in my memory. I very well remember how the news was brought to me that His Excellency Mr. Zimmerman had brought a car to fetch me to the Imperial residence. I went with him to the Kaiser at the Tier Garten Palace. As soon as our car stopped, a man came up to attend on us. We were shown in. Mr. Zimmerman looked into a looking glass and made his mustaches a bit more straight-up in a right Kaiser fashion. As we entered the big hall I saw a stately figure standing all alone in the middle. As I went forward followed by Mr. Zimmerman that figure in the middle of the hall took a couple of steps forward.

He was Kaiser himself and we cordially shook hands. It was interesting for me to hear from His Majesty's own lips that he was interested in a prophecy which foretold the end of the British Empire in India.

Kaiser seemed to know some details of my family. He spoke of my relation with H.H. the Maharaja of Jind and said that the Sikh States occupied a very strategic position in the middle of the Punjab. When I took leave of the Kaiser after a very friendly conversation of over 20 minutes and I was on the point of leaving the

hall Kaiser shouted and said, "Give my greetings to the Amir of Afghanistan."

My Indian friends explained to me later that the Kaiser was specially coached for every interview that he granted and that before my visit to the Kaiser he was already informed about a few facts of my life and my family. In any case it was marvellous that the Kaiser could speak as he did about things Indian.

I got 27 letters from the German Prime Minister or Reich-Chancellor addressed to Rajas, Maharajas and Nawabs. Every one of these letters was written or rather printed in German language. Letters addressed to the Maharajas were translated into Hindi while the letters addressed to Nawabs were tranlated into Urdu. All the letters were beautifully printed on very fine paper and each of them was encased in expensive morocco binding. It was quite a bulky load. I had two more letters besides these Imperial messages to the Ruling Chiefs. One was a simple one-sheet letter addressed to the Amir of Afghanistan, His Majesty Amir Habibullah Khan. This was signed by Kaiser himself. The other letter was addressed to His Majesty the King of Nepal. It was however signed by the Prime Minister of Germany. It is to be noted here that I had quite a bit of quarrel with the German Foreign Office in getting the letter

the same time. For all practical purposes we formed together one party. Upto the German border things went fine. We were travelling first class in a special compartment. But when we entered Poland and advanced towards the battle ground things were rough and we could see that we were in the troubled country. At Lodz where it was the Head-Quarters of the Field-Marshal, we were lodged in a palatial hotel.

In the evening it was a sight to see the high officers assembling in the lobby before the dinner hour. All were dressed in their fine uniforms with their decorations on their breasts and around their necks. Field Marshal led the officers into the hall. I sat to the right of the Marshal while Abdul Karim Pasha took his chair on his left. The hall was literally glittering. I did not like the question of the Marshal when he asked me whether I had brought sufficient jewels from India. I said to myself that now when I had joined hands with the Germans, Germany was under the obligation to look after my needs, what for I needed any jewels ? I brought in the question of my trip to the front line. Marshal was pleased to order all the arrangements for our visit to the trenches.

In a forest we saw some of the biggest guns of the German Artillery. Standing behind a gun, closing our ears tight, I could watch a shell

fired. When the shell reached its height and was going to turn down towards earth, a black spot like a tiny bird became visible. Later mounting a tree we could see the effect of an explosion of a shell in the Russian lines. Our powerful telescope showed us people running from the spot of explosion and soon after we saw the wounded being carried away on stretchers. Officers in-charge of our party hurriedly took us out of the forest because in return of this shelling Russians were expected to fire back. This they did. We had hardly got out of the forest when shells came shrieking. Now in their turn, Germans were being killed and wounded. German wounded soldiers were being hurriedly taken away by special ambulances.

I also watched the Russian front by an aeroplane. In those days æroplanes on the Russian front were not many. Russians were specially weak in their air-force. It was my first flight in the air. It did not take me more than a few minutes but it looked as if I was flying for hours. The whole country around was spread before my eyes and I flew over hills, rivers, forests and the trenches full of soldiers. On one side I saw men-made forest of barbed wires and soon our plane came down to the ground.

I should have also told you something of

my visit to the foremost trench. There we were forbidden to walk erect. Bullets were coming like rain over our heads and we could hear them striking the trees. Through the holes in an iron sheet we saw the Russian trenches only a few hundred yards away. The whole ground was white, covered with snow, only the depression of the trench made a break in the plane surface.

It was interesting to see that not so very far away from the scene of carnage, soldiers in their clubs were enjoying gramophone songs. And the soldiers in their protected living quarters were making themselves merry with their youthful jokes. In such places, if man could rise from his immediate surroundings and see the things from a distance, one should be able to see the human life from a new angle. Temporary pleasures, a bit of relief of some kind coupled with certain inherent disinterestedness can make man happy under unhappy circumstances. Such is life.

A Visit To The Prisoners' Camp

I visited the camp of war prisoners near Berlin. My object of visiting the prisoners was not philanthropic. I mean, I was no agent of some Red-Cross. I went to find whether some of the Indian war prisoners would like to devote their lives to the cause of freedom of our home-land. I saw that the Indian prisoners

were kept in different caste groups. For instance, Gurkhas were kept apart from the Sikhs and the Garhwalis had a separate dormitory for themselves. There were Mussalmans and there were Rajputs, while Pathans occupied a separate wing. I lectured to them at two or three places. Mind you my readers, this is the story of early 1915. In those days our soldiers lived in their own closed four walls. Some of them dared to tell me that should they work with us for freedom, their children at home would be massacred. Gurkhas heard us attentively. Several of them volunteered their services. But when the question came that they would have to eat food cooked by Mussalmans during our trip through Persia they withdrew their names. Only one young handsome youth among the Sikhs offered his services but as he was suffering from a boil in his armpit, he could not be taken on our long journey. Pathans volunteered in large numbers. Most of them were eager to return to their tribal country. We could not, however, take them all together with us. Later we selected seven Afridi soldiers to accompany us to Afghanistan.

At my request German Foreign Office was pleased to increase the Indian soldiers' ration. They got some more butter per day and some more meat per week.

GERMANY IN 1918

This chapter deals with Germany. I take you, therefore, to another Germany of another year. Germany had already won her war on the Eastern front. Now here peace reigned where a year before war was destroying life and property. In March 1918, I travelled from Petrograd to Berlin. It was a big job to cross the Russian line but in Germany itself, everywhere normal conditions seemed to rule. In any case the railway service was in tact. I was now accompanied by an Afghan servant and a Russian Jew who was lent to me by Mr. Trotsky. On our arrival at Berlin we were given room at the same Continental Hotel where I stayed in 1915. Now, however, I received an expensive suite of rooms. I was now a State guest. Prof. Glasenap of Sanskrit language was appointed by the German Government to look after my comfort.

Banquets followed banquets. I was in some ways a greater hero at present. In a lecture meeting, Admiral Tripitz himself came to hear my talk. It took, however, several weeks to meet the Kaiser once again. He was at the front. It was the time when Germany was attacking France for the last time during that war. German forces could reach the suburbs of Paris. It was the great deciding period of the war. And the Kaiser himself was in High

Command. The tide turned and the Germans began to retire. Kaiser returned reluctantly to Berlin and he received me on the 6th of May of that year.

My German friends wanted me to stay on in Germany. The German Government was prepared to give me a fine lodging. But I was not the man just to seek comfort. I had a plan. I wanted that Germany should agree with me to raise an International Socialist Army. I said that such an army could easily march through Soviet Russia and work for India's independence. I had reasons to believe that our Soviet friends would whole-heartedly co-operate with the scheme. But the Germans though formally at peace with the Soviets thought and acted in terms of enmity against the Red Russia. I was not the man just to wait and see. I approached the Turkish Ambassador and showed him the letter that I had brought from the King of Afghanistan addressed to the Sultan of Turkey. I said I must go to Turkey to present the royal letter. It did not take long to receive the required permission. Soon I was off with my Afghan companion. The Russian Jew had to be sent back through the Russian Embassy at the German official suggestion.

Revolution In Germany

The story of Turkey does not belong to this

chapter and I need not describe my retired life at Budapest at this juncture. It happened that after the Hungarian revolution I could hurriedly return to Germany in November of 1918. To be exact I arrived at Munich, the capital of Bavaria, in South Germany, on the 5th of November. I took a room in a hotel near the station. On the 6th of November in the afternoon, while I was going to take lunch in a vegetarian restaurant, I saw a strange sight. Rows of four persons deep were marching on and on. A very long procession was winding through the streets of Munich. In German language they were repeating in a low voice " Give us bread, give us peace". To tell the truth, I did not take them seriously. I took my lunch and returned to my hotel. Next day, in the evening, when I was lying on a sofa and the heavy velvet curtains of the room were drawn across the window I heard sound of shots. Setting aside the curtain I opened the window and looked out. I saw that a huge crowd had gathered in front of the railway station and a red flag was raised. Shutting the window I came down hurriedly to the gatekeeper to ask what it was all about. The man said that I should better take rest, only some boys were making mischief. I need not bother myself about them. I took his advice and I retired for the night. Next day, however, I came to know that it was not mere juvinal

sport, it was real revolution. Red Governmen was established that night in Bavaria. Twenty or more rulers of the different German States had run away that night. Two days later, I heard that the Kaiser himself had to take refuge in Holland. North Germany was now democratic republic.

I tried my best to get out of Germany and to enter Switzerland. With great difficulty, after a few days, I succeeded in my plan. Again it is another story, how I lived in Switzerland, the land of natural beauty, for two months or a bit more.

The news of the murder of King Habibulla Khan brought me back to Germany. Soon after, the news came that King Amanullah Khan had declared war on the British Empire. On one hand I was trying to publish my book of the Religion of Love in English and in German language, I was trying to establish an office for the propagation of my religious views, on the other hand I was preparing in every way possible for a hurried trip to Afghanistan. As you know that war did not last long. Truce came in a few days but I did not give up my idea of visiting Afghanistan of King Amanullah Khan. Books got ready, an office was established at Leipzig and my preparations were completed.

I must inform my readers that the Republi-

can Germany paid certain amount of money to each Indian who was working with Imperial Germany for India's freedom. It was understood that I was to receive one thousand Marks per month for my life. Mind you it was a promise and as such I could bring a case against the German government to get the allowance in gold. Some of my Indian friends wanted me to approach the court of justice through legal channel. But I said that I was not going to harass the defeated Germany. The German government, however, was pleased to give me the highest amount. What they gave to others ranged between twelve thousand and two thousand Marks, but I received full twenty-five thousand Marks. When I was in Germany during this period, I was drawing from this amount one thousand Marks per month. My personal expenses were very little as usual but I was using the money for printing and keeping the office. When I left, I arranged that the old lady incharge of our office would get four hundred Marks per month from this money. But it happened that the old lady soon died and the money over fifteen thousand Marks left at Berlin from this amount evaporated into air due to heavy inflation. And a German gentleman incharge of these affairs, as he told me a couple of years later, gave away the inflated valueless money to pay the expenses of some Afghans who were returning home via Turkey and Persia.

Once More In Germany.

1922 brought me to Germany once more. I had now Bukhara gold in my pocket and I found a treasure in the hospitality extended to me by Sardar Mohd. Wali Khan, Minister Plenipotentiary of Afghanistan. I re-opened my office at Leipzig in the house of Frau Gerichtsrat Volkmann and further started another office at Berlin. I engaged an Indian gentleman as my secretary. I had also a room for myself in the Afghan Diplomatic Mission. I published and distributed several thousands of my pamphlets.

I was trying hard to get the proper visa to travel to Japan. The Japanese were extremely cautious in those days. They thought it fit to ask their home government whether they could give me necessary visa to enter Japan.

It took me time. In the mean time I made a short trip with H. E. Wali Khan to Switzerland and Itlay. I came back to Germany via Budapest. Waiting for my long tour abroad, round the globe, I did not give up my main task of propagating my views. Still fresh is the memory in my mind of the meetings that I used to hold and address in this or that lecture hall at Berlin. Many German ladies used to come to hear and discuss things spiritual.

At long last the Japanese permission arrived and I got the Japanese visa. The Americans, however, proved more stubborn and I could not get the necessary visa to travel through the United States. I found a way out of this difficulty. I travelled via Mexico, it is however another story.

GERMANY IN 1924

It was just a very short visit to the land of Teutons. In fact I just passed through Germany. I came rolling down from Russia and after a short stay at Berlin and visiting my friends in Germany I went on to France to get a boat for New York.

GERMANY IN 1927

Maulana Barkatullah wrote me a card to Moscow asking me to come to Germany. I came. It was the time when Pt. Jawahar Lal Nehru was staying in Switzerland. He wrote and wired inviting me to visit him. I did. Here it is suffice to say that my sojourn in Germany was not long at this time as well. Maulana Barkatullah and I prepared our trip together and left Germany for the United States by a German luxury boat.

GERMANY IN 1929

Another trip round the world brought me to Germany via Moscow. At this time Anti-

Imperialist League Conference was being held at Frankfort. A Russian Trade Union Mission travelled at the same time from Moscow to Frankfort. We reached rather late but we could attend the most important meeting of the last day. There were some men who opposed me and did not want that I should be allowed to address the meeting. Babu Shiva Prasad Gupta, as the chief Indian Congress delegate stood up in my defence and vehemently protested against the undemocratic attitude of my opponents. In the end I was allowed to take to rostrum. And I can say with certain lack of modesty that my speech was enthusiastically received by the audience.

Though Babu Shiva Prasad Gupta said something against my internationalism yet privately he helped me with much needed funds to start my World Federation circular. To be exact, he gave me £50. The amount is surely not big but at that time, for me, it was big enough to start my great movement on a modest scale.

In September I brought out the Ist number of 'World Federation' from Berlin, the capital of Germany.

I had hardly published three numbers of our circular when the startling news arrived floating in the air that King Nadir Khan of

Afghanistan had finally subdued Bacha Sakka. In face of this great news I could not sit quiet at the desk. I hurriedly prepared my trip and left for Afghanistan via Soviet Russia.

In 1930

The story of Afghanistan does not belong to this chapter. I am also not telling you any story of my trips to Germany in 1907 and in 1911. Those years cannot be considered the years of my exile. This book simply reflects upon my doings abroad between 1914 and 1946.

It was rather funny that I should be able to get the same room at the same boarding house at Berlin where I had lived previously. Was it an arrangement, or some plan of the German under-ground organisation that I found comfortable accomodation at this boarding house in 1927, 1929 and 1930. Some military officer who was living in my room, somehow vacated the room the day that I arrived. I settled down comfortably in my old room feeling as if I was in my own house. I hurriedly prepared the May number of 'World Federation' and published it. I could not enjoy this homely life of the German atmosphere. I was on my way to the United States.

I had a mission. I was asked by King Nadir Khan to invite the American capital to Afghanistan. I soon left. And it happened that I could not revisit Germany since then.

II

HOW I ESCAPED DEATH ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

Cave of Snakes

I shall tell you first the story of my nap in a snake's house. Believe it or not, it is a solid fact of a mobile life. That night we travelled fast. We were pursued by the Russian cavalry. To tell the truth, years later we knew who was trying to catch us that night. Fate had it that that very officer who was in-charge of the Russian cavalry travelled with us as a military officer in the Soviet Diplomatic Mission of 1919. That night we only knew that some enemy was fast approaching us and our wisdom consisted in fast escape. We did escape. In the early morning we found ourselves safe in Afghanistan territory. We were dead tired. We let go our horses and I put my light bedding, tied to the saddle, on the ground, spread it and laid myself down. In a few minutes I was fast asleep. The hot sun of the morning woke me up. I looked round and saw that it was a terrible desert. My companions scattered round. The horses were grazing far. I took my bedding under my one arm and started a search for a shelter. I found a small low mound. Therein was just a small excavation sufficient for one man to

lie down. I put in my bedding and went to sleep once more. Towards my head there was a little hole, desert wind blew through it keeping me cool. When I woke up I began to read a book lying down. There was no room to sit.

Believe it or not, a thought came to my mind that supposing a snake should appear what was I to do then? I looked back towards the opening through which I entered this tiny low place. Believe it or not, just then I saw a long black snake with his raised head looking towards me while his two tongues jutting out of his mouth. I felt confused for a moment, not knowing what to do. I decided quickly and acted fast, waving the book towards the snake I came out of the hole. The snake turned back and ran. Now I was bold enough to pursue him. One the other side of the mound, in a small hole, the long black snake disappeared. I pulled out my bedding and saw to my horror that inside the tiny cave there were many holes. It was the snake house. Later, one of my companions explained that this tiny hollow space was indeed a tomb of some dead traveller, who must have died of thirst in this desert. The dead body must have been eaten away by some desert animals, leaving thus this space.

A Step And I Would Have Been Entrapped

This is the story of summer 1917. I was sitting comfortably on the roof of the world. You surely know it is the name given to the Pamirs. I was living in a Kirgiz Khankah. It was a tent, a big circular room built of wooden frame-work covered all over with thick wooden felt. I had just ordered our horses to be saddled and food was being brought. It was going to be the last supper in Afghanistan. All the preparations were made earlier. Tents were sent to two different frontiers where the English and the Russian soldiers were waiting to catch me. The arrangement was that I, with my companions, would leave later in the night for some Afghan Pamir's unknown valley where the enemy could not possibly suspect our crossing to the Chinese territory. I had already distributed rewards and given away some of my costly costumes to the Afghan soldiers' servants and their officers. It happened that just then a fast riding messenger arrived direct from Kabul bringing a letter from Sardar Nasr-ullah Khan, the premier of Afghanistan. The letter said that China had declared war on Germany and that a revolution had occured in Russia ; it was further asked whether it was safe for me to proceed to China under those circumstances. I called my companions

and held a hurried consultation. I also asked the Afghan commander accompanying me to give his opinion. It was unanimously agreed that it would be suicidal to continue the journey across the Afghan frontier, it was perhaps the best way to fall back and reach Mazari Sharif where I had passed the past winter. Every little happening at this juncture which led to my escape from sure destruction remains still fresh in my memory. It was a case of a step forward and I would have been entrapped either by the British or Russian military. Even supposing I could have passed these two dangers I would have been arrested by the Chinese as a German agent. But God wanted me to live and I did live further. In this connection it may be interesting to know that the same Minister of Justice in China who issued the warrant of my arrest at this time became my good friend at Peking in 1913.

Typhoid Did Not Kill Me.

I am jumping over from event to event. It is not a continued story and I have not promised you to give you every little detail of my life. Here I am just relating to you the story of my getting typhoid fever and my escape from the jaws of death.

Late in autumn in 1921, I was staying at

Tashkent. One evening, a couple of friends invited me to dinner. Reluctantly I accepted the invitation and I went and took fine Indian meal with my Indian friends. It happened, however, that that very night my stomach began to pain a bit. Next day I got a little fever. I did not take it seriously. I continued to eat fine Turkistan delicious grapes and *Pulao*. Fever persisted and stomach trouble continued. In a few days I was lying on bed. Inspite of continued illness I decided to proceed to Moscow. I got two first class compartments duly reserved for me and my companions. The journey was comfortable and so far as eating went I was having feasts. I was not observing patient's rules. It took us five days and nights to reach Moscow. I got a room in the Afghanistan Embassy. By this time, however, I was completely out of gear. I could not move about. All the time I was confined to bed. A Kremlin doctor and a Russian nurse were attending on me. Two Afghanistan servants were always serving me. The Afghanistan Ambassador who used to visit me every day seemed to me very anxious about my life. Moulana Barkatullah used to come to enquire about my health. In this connection I may also mention that Mr. M. N. Roy and Mr. Abony Mukerji also visited me one day. All seemed to make me as comfortable as possible. The doctor too prescribed food to my taste. It was a kind of

thin jam with lot of milk. In Russian they call it '*Kissel*'. Fever did not care to show me any courtesy. A day came when the doctor said that that night was the crisis. He meant, if I could survive that night I could expect to live long. To tell the truth, I got so depressed by the news that I prepared myself for death that night. I asked an Afghan servant to take out my manuscripts and I ordered the man to burn them in the stove. My friends reluctantly had to obey my order. Work of three years and more disappeared in the fire. At this stage fever started to come down suddenly. I was profusely perspiring. My companions were taking every precaution to keep me warm. In a little while I went to sleep. I noticed that some one was feeling my pulse but then I was fast asleep. In the morning, to my astonishment, I found that I was still living on this earth. A little later doctor pronounced that I was out of danger.

Was It A Case Of Poisoning ?

Some Indian papers wrote that I was poisoned at New York in America. When I wrote this story I did not mean to arouse that suspicion. I just wrote some facts of the story. Here I want to re-relate the story. It happened in early 1925. I made the acquaintance of

one Negro leader Mr. Garvey. One evening he invited me to his very large meeting. The whole hall was fully crowded. I was told that there were as many as six thousand persons. Mr. Garvey had a fully armed volunteer corps. They put up a big show by their military march across the big hall. Mr. Garvey spoke at length. He was wildly cheered His daughter, who looked more Indian than Negro, sat by my side. She seemed to adore her father, with the faith of a disciple. I was asked in course of time to address the gathering. I did. I was also enthusiastically received. My talk was punctuated with lot of clappings. I came back to my hotel late at night. Next day I went down to the town and had some fine lunch. One thing I noticed a bit extraordinary that without any order coffee was brought at the end of my lunch. I took it and came back home. As usual I did not go out for dinner at night. I just took some chocolates and peanuts. I went to bed and was soon lost in sleep. That night, however, my stomach began to pain and I had to go to W. C. more than once. Later continued loose motions made me completely exhausted and I fell in bed as if dead. Late in the morning I woke up and much later I felt myself well enough to go out of my room. Not once but several times it has happened to me that out of some food-trouble I got sick. Bad fish or some rotten food must

have given me trouble. But in every such case it appeared that my life was hovering around death.

Encounter With Robbers

Once it happend in 1921, on my way from Pamir to Alai. Then, we put up some fight and captured a famous Robber-chief. But that is not the story I am relating to you here. This story belongs to my Tibetan trip in 1925. We had left China far behind. We were travelling over high plateau of north Tibet. It was getting late in the afternoon. There were some suspicious foot-steps but later we could identify them as the foot-steps of a couple of bears and we laughed but suspicion was running hot in our minds. Some one thought that he saw some figures moving far along a lake. I spurred my horse and went ahead to find a shelter for the night. I discovered a raised platform on the side of a rock which had another overhanging rock. That I chose for our rest in the night. Our party was large enough. We had in our own party four volunteers and a Chinese servant with seven Chinese soldiers and a high officer. There was another party travelling along with us. They stayed in the flat valley. Our food was cooked. Our horses were let

loose in the green pasture below. There was not any reason to suspect anything wrong. We enjoyed our simple food and laid ourselves down on our beds spread over the rocks. We carried two tents but they could not be fixed up on this rock. Besides this, we had not time and energy enough to build our camp and to pack and unpack the tents. I could not tell you the time. Late at night rifle shots awakened us. What was wrong we shouted; "Robbers" "Robbers" came the reply from the valley below. I ordered one companion to shoot in the air. There was some galloping in the valley. It was clear that the robbers were running away. When the commotion subsided we were asleep once again. Next day we found that one of our best horses was missing. There was, however, no time to lament for the loss. We saddled our horses and went fast but we did not go far. At the advice of our Chinese guide we passed the whole day in this new nearby place. We slept as much as we could. Next night inspite of bitter cold we rode till early morning. The idea was to pass through quickly under the curtain of night, through this robber-infested area. The night was extremely cold. Snow was lying all round. It was no easy problem to find our way through the trackless snow waste. One of our companions who had taken a bit of opium to safeguard himself against the frost fell victim

to his own device. Opium made him blunt enough not to feel the cold but the cold did its mischief. Two fingers of one hand and toe of one foot were frost-bitten. For months, poor fellow had to suffer for his frost-bitten wounds. But thank God, it was not necessary to amputate his hand or leg.

Some Kind Of Bad Food

I shall jump over many more incidents. I shall just relate one more story of a typical nature. It did not happen long ago. During this very year of 1946 after that I was released from the American prison in Japan, it happened that I was once invited by a Japanese friend, who professed to be a follower of the religion of love. I went and several friends came. We were lovingly and generously entertained. We got some of the best Japanese dishes in the present poverty-ridden Japan, I mean, Japan of today when food is scarce and the black-market prices are soaring high. There were dishes prepared in the house; some dishes were purchased in some neighbouring restaurant while a couple of more dishes were brought by some visiting guests. We all ate to our fill. We talked long, discussed things of the present and of the future. My plan of the World Party received our chief attention.

After that fine lunch we walked together to another friend to have some more refreshment and tea. Late in the afternoon I returned to my residence at the World Federation Centre, Kokubunji, within the Tokyo metropolis. In the evening as usual I took some light supper and went to bed. Towards very early morning I got unusually awakened and went to W.C. I passed water but suddenly I fainted and fell down. I lost completely my consciousness. I could not tell you how long I remained in this state. It must have been many minutes. When I came to my consciousness I began to wonder, how and where I was lying. With some effort I stood up. I staggered back to my bedding on the floor of my tiny room, which was bed-room at night, office at day time and my kitchen in the morning and in the evening. I went to bed and slept long. In the morning when I woke up I was glad to find myself alive. Later in the day I informed the American police of this incident, mentioning at length how once before in year 1942 I had had a similar experience, in some way, a bit more serious. That time I felt quite a bit of burning sensation in my stomach and I fell down on my bedding before that I could proceed to W. C. That time in my unconscious state water passed off involuntarily making my clothes and the bedding wet. Similarity of these two incidents suggested that the bad food in both

had similar poisonous properties. No one seemed to be interested in my life or in my death. Police never took any notice though the Americans were supposed to manage things in Japan in the interest of the welfare of humanity. No language can describe the feelings of a man living all alone, cut off from friends and not being in a position to seek medical aid under such extraordinary circumstances.

III

THIS IS SOVIET RUSSIA

My Interview With Comrade Lenin

This is the story of 1919. I had come back to Russia from Germany. I stayed at the palatial building of the former Sugar-king. Moulana Barkatullah could establish his head-quarter at this place. He was in very good relation with the Russian Foreign Office. When there was scarcity of food in the city we were right royally feasted. My Indian friends who had started on this journey with me from Berlin could also come and gather here. One evening we received a phone-call from Soviet Foreign Office. I was told that some one was coming and that I should hand over my pamphlets to the man. This I did. Next morning was the day when I with my friends were to meet Comrade Lenin at the Kremlin. Prof. Vosnesensky took us to the ancient Imperial Palace of Moscow. We passed through the gaurds. We went upstairs. We entered a big room with a big table at which was sitting the famous Red Leader Comrade Lenin. I being at the head of the party, entered first and proceeded towards the figure sitting right before me. To my astonishment the man or the hero stood up suddenly, went to a corner and fetched a small chair and put the chair near

his office chair. And as I arrived by his side he asked me to sit down. For a moment I thought in my mind, where to sit, asking myself, should I sit on this small chair brought by Mr. Lenin himself or should I sit on one of the huge easy chairs covered with morocco leather. I decided to sit on that small chair and sat down, while my friends, Moulana Barkatullah and others, took their seats on richly upholstered chairs.

Comrade Lenin asked me, in what language he was to address me—English, French, German or Russian. I told him that we should better speak in English. And I presented to him my book of the Religion of Love. To my astonishment he said that he had already read it. Quickly arguing in my mind I could see that the pamphlets demanded by the Foreign Office a day earlier were meant for Lenin himself. Mr. Lenin said that my book was "Tolstoyism". I presented to him also my plan of having notes repayable not in gold or silver but in more necessary commodities such as wheat, rice, butter, oil, coal, etc. We had quite a long conversation. Mr. Lenin had a few words to say to all of us. So much so that Lenin also asked a couple of questions of a servant of Moulana Barkatullah who remained standing a bit far. Prof. Vosnesensky also did not sit.

It was after this interview that the Foreign Office decided that I must accompany His Excellency Mr. Surits, the first Russian Ambassador to the Court of Afghanistan. My job was to introduce Mr. Surits to King Amanullah Khan. Of course, the official position of the Ambassador needed not any introduction of some private character. But it was thought that as I was a personal friend of the King I could better plead personally on behalf of Red Bear.

My Trip To Afghanistan In 1919

Mind you, I did not relate to you the most adventurous trip through Red Russia in 1918. I am just telling you a few points of this trip after the last Red Royal interview. Our send-off was by no means grand. I with my two Indian companions came quietly to the Russian railway station. We got only a third class compartment reserved for us. Moulana Barkatullah and Prof. Vosnesensky saw us off. There was only one peculiarity worth mentioning. Prof. brought for us a big sack full of sweet bon-bon. These sweets proved very valuable, both to sweeten our tea and serve at times as a side dish to our lunch and dinner. For a couple of days we rode this car. Near Ural mountains there was fighting going on between the Red troops and the Cossacs.

Somehow it happened that just before our arrival at the battle-field, the Cossacs surrendered themselves. Red victory was complete. I saw the Red army marching past before Mr. Lenin, the President of Soviet Russia. I also took my lunch with the President. Here I also met Mr. Surits. As the railway line was destroyed by the Cossacs we had to ride in motor cars. But when we got into a train again Mr. Surits and I entered a luxurious bogie carriage. From Tashkent to the Afghanistan frontier we went by a special train.

In Afghanistan we received right royal reception. At Herat, a couple of companies presented arms to the Ambassador. Governor received us and made very elaborate arrangement to take us comfortably through the high mountains of Hazara. Every night we slept in a new palace but everywhere we found that our camp was well prepared. Feast of *Pulao* was given every evening. It was a long tedious journey. There are about twenty-eight stages between Herat and Kabul.

Here I must excuse myself. I am tresspassing. This chapter is not meant to tell you the story of Afghanistan. I shall later speak of things Afghanistani.

1920 Brought Me Once Again To The Land Of Soviet Russia.

I entered through a back door from Afghanistan—Wakhan and Ishkashim. I went over to the Pamir post of Kharuk. To be more accurate, it is situated in the valley of Shighnan. The military and civil buildings of the Russian head-quarters are well built in Russian style. They are not grand but they are comfortable. I stayed with my Russian hosts on two different occasions in this lovely valley. When I was there in winter, snow was lying deep all around. Inside the Russian houses the air was kept quite warm. Russian '*Pechka*' or the huge stove in the wall did the miracle. If I were to describe the Russian stove it would take a page or two and I am not prepared to take that much of your valuable time.

Late in spring the palace was simply lovely with green foliage and with singing birds. In the year 1921 when I was visiting Kharuk with my full Afghan mission, there occurred a couple of petty revolutions. Once the Commander was arrested by the Treasurer with the help of local soldiers. Next the Treasurer himself was arrested by another party. It is, however, another story. I simply want to tell you how I

travelled from Russian Pamir to Russian Turkishtan.

A colonel of the Afghanistan army and a couple of soldiers with Afghanistan grooms accompanied me. I had for all my men and our luggage sufficient number of horses. I arranged with the Russian authorities that I travel together with the Russian troops which were being sent to Tashkent. The Russian Commander under arrest was also being taken to Russia for Court Martial. The Russians prepared the trip with sufficient foresight. They took with them for themselves and for our party rice and dried bread what they call '*Sukhari*'.

It proved to be a long journey through, so to say, 'no man's land' at that time. Kirgiz had destroyed the Russian fort of Pamir. Kirgiz robbers were practically masters of the situation. So much so that one night our camp was raided by the Kirgiz. Shots came flying. Flashes showed the place whence they were attacking. They drove away some of our camels and horses. That night they scored a victory. Next day, we won a battle and we captured a robber-chief.

It was indeed funny. Looking at some troops at the top of a range, which we were to cross we thought they were robbers. The

Russian commander ordered the machine-gunners to shoot and destroy the enemy. Those troops on the hill also began to reply with their machine-guns. Bullets came flying and went flying over our heads. Some one on our side said that they could not be robbers with machine-guns. Our flag was raised to show our identity. Their flag also went up to show that they were Soviet soldiers. Naturally our machine-guns stopped firing and those troops came down with their flag flying and we warmly shook hands.

At Andijan, when we had arrived at this cosy town, robbers suddenly attacked the market at mid-day. Unfortunately, one of our best horses was shot down by a flying robber. It is interesting to note that a representative of the robbers arranged to see me and the Afghan colonel secretly and offered to pay me double the price of the horse killed. I, however, did not accept any money and told the man plainly that as I was a guest of the Soviet Government I could not possibly have anything to do with the enemies of Red Russia. Following the code of chivalry I also did not inform the Russians of this visit of the reprsentative of the robbers.

It was at Tashkent when my extraordinary mission was cancelled. Afghanistan had

concluded peace with the British in India. It was, therefore, impossible for Afghanistan to make me continue my mission. I was expected to visit China, Japan, Tibet, Siam, America, Germany and Turkey. I had with me royal letters duly signed by King Amanullah Khan. To tell the truth, in language and in make up of these letters they followed letters given to me for the Indian Princes by the Chancellor of Germany. Such letters after that peace came became obsolete. The Afghanistan Foreign Minister, Sardar Mahmud Beg Tarzi wrote me very clearly that I should better send back those letters and also send back the colonel, his orderly and Afghan servants. I was given the freedom of either returning to Kabul or of staying abroad. I sent back those documents still with me and the colonel. I proceeded to Moscow, sick with typhoid. This story is related in this book elsewhere.

In Years 1923 And 1924

In 1923 I just rushed through Russia. I reached Siberia via Outer Mongolia and proceeded to Moscow. As usual I met my Indian and Russian friends at the Red capital. Some of my Indian friends were studying Communism at an International Communist School. It was interesting to look into the life of these

young hopeful would-be Communists. Students of different nationalities were living together; each of them was receiving food, clothes and a small pocket-money. The materialistic interpretation of history of the world was instilled in their blank mind. When I compared this kind of history with the *Pauranic* stories of the creation, I found one great similarity. Whatever was taught to these students had to be believed as religious truth. No one could argue. As in religion, so here you must believe or get the epithet of being heathen. Among the Russian officials, as usual, I met Mr. Sukermanof, the Director of Central Asia at the Foreign Office.

Through the Afghan Embassy, I arranged my trip to Afghanistan. Travelling via Tashkent I went to Kushk and entered Afghanistan. It was in some way a funny entry into the land. I engaged the services of a caravan to take me across the border. I rode a camel all alone in that dark night. It was true that the Russian Foreign Office agent at Kushk found for me this conveyance but we must give credit to those few Afghan traders whom I accompanied. For all practical purposes I was entirely at their mercy. Next morning when I arrived at the Afghanistan post of a few soldiers and officers I felt secure on sure ground.

In 1924 I rushed through Russia the other way. I came from Afghanistan and went over Tashkent to Moscow. There at the Red capital had arrived Sardar Hashim Khan, the new Ambassador. Mind you my readers, I am speaking of this Sardar who later became the all powerful ruler of Afghanistan behind the throne of his nephew, the present Monarch of Afghanistan, King Zahir Shah. Sardar Hashim Khan was personally kind to me, though we both knew that we had different political opinions. I was sure with king Amanullah Khan, while the Sardar was very critical of all the king's doings. He always liked the British company. Here too he used to go to play tennis in the British mission. When I left Moscow he kindly cared to come to the railway station to see me off.

The night passed comfortably. I had for my travelling companion a diplomatic courier of Esthonia. In the morning at the Leningrad railway station a couple of soldiers with their officers came to enquire about my passport. They made me accompany them to the police-office inside the railway station. I was thoroughly searched and then I and my luggage were carried to the chief police station. Here every bit of my paper in my different boxes was thoroughly searched and looked into. In the meantime they brought

me some nice Russian food. As they did not find anything suspicious, I had every reason to hope that I could continue my journey by the evening train. But it happened that they locked me up that night in a regular prison cell. This story stands up by itself. I shall not write it in detail here. Next day it became clear to the prison authorities and their superiors that they had grossly blundered. An enquiry was made, a sweet hope was created but I had to pass another night in my cell. Next day after these two nights in prison I was taken to the railway station by two Russian officers in their car and buying for me a first class ticket for Raval, the Esthonian capital, I was let go.

In 1926 And 1927.

In 1926 I entered Siberia at Manchouli, fully armed with a special permit duly signed by Mr. Kara Khan, the Russian Ambassador at Peking, China. I enjoyed my first class accommodation in the sleeping compartment of the Russian Express. Food in the train was plenty and good but I also used to buy at the station stalls. This is a very special peculiarity of Russia, at least it was when I travelled through Russia in those days. At all big stations Russian men and women used to sell well-cooked fishes, chickens and bread with some delicacies,

such as fish, eggs or Indian style *'Samosa'* with meat inside it. In about eight days we arrived at Moscow. Once again visiting my friends I went to Kabul via Tashkent and Mazari-Sharif. This time I did not stay long in Afghanistan. In mid winter I travelled back over mountains and valleys. I hurried back to Moscow. This time a Foreign Office representative received me at the station and brought me to a hotel where some Russian diplomats used to stay. I got a nice large room. I was now a guest of Soviet Russia. His Excellency Mr. Kara Khan had promised me to kindly prepare for me a mission to Tibet. I was very eager to revisit that land of the *Lamas*. But it happened that just then Chinese revolution took a Red turn and some enthusiastic Communists thought that it was the time to fish in the troubled water. Some other Indian communists were found to work for the Soviets on their plan. They were sent to China. And it was perhaps considered that my going to Tibet on my own independent plan would hamper the Red revolution. Maulana Barkatullah, who was at Berlin in those days, wrote me a card and asked me to go over to Germany. This I did. Spring of 1927 found me in Western Europe. There are still living several friends who co-operated or non-co-operated with me in those days.

Soviet Russia In 1928 And 1929

I am afraid, my story will become very

monotonous. All the four times that I whirled round the world more or less I followed very much the same routine and the same plan of tour. Of course, my first trip round the world in 1907, which was besides these four round-the-world trips, was of a different nature. This trip to Russia followed the same Siberia railway line. The exception was that this time I boarded the train at Vladivostock. It took ten days or a bit more in the fast express to reach Moscow. As usual visiting my friends at the Red capital, I proceeded to Tashkent. There something extraordinary came in my way. The news was that at Kabul serious disturbances had occurred. My stay at Taskhent had to be prolonged. Soon Russian women and children evacuees from Kabul arrived. Things began to take black shape and I was at a loss where to go and what to do. Finally I decided to proceed to Tehran. It was a problem how to convert Russian paper into English pounds. This difficulty however was solved through the Russian Foreign Office. The Persian Consulate kindly gave me the necessary visa. I travelled to the capital of Turkomanistan. Thence I took a seat in a motor car going to Meshad. One thing I may note here that at Ashkabad, the capital, I could visit the famous Bahai church. I do not know whether it still exists but at that time it was the centre of the Bahai activities. I do not remember the names

of the old senior priests who were kind enough to receive me and tell me something of their past and future. One thing was very striking that these men of faith believed that all the " troubles " in Russia including revolution and reaction and scarcity of food or anything of the kind were preparing the road for Bahai religion to make it the only religion of the world. I reflected and saw how such faith keeps many glowing lamps lighted in the hearts of the faithful. Men who have not seen sufficient of the world and met the like persons in the different corners might think any one of such phenomenon marvellous. I take it to mean the act of nature which helps thus the movements to grow in the interest of human society. My story of Persia cannot be included in this chapter.

1929 saw me once again entering Russia, now from Persia. Fast train took me to Moscow. The journey was comfortable. Sardar Ghulam Nabi Khan, Ambassador of Afghanistan at Moscow, made me his personal guest. I took a room in a Polish worker's family which lived near the Embassy. Practically every day I was taking lunch at the Afghanistan Embassy and had my breakfast and the evening light supper at my room. It was here at this time that I started to write my plan of World Federation. My Indian friends used to visit me and I used

to visit them. Once in every two weeks I had to go to the Police Station to get my permission extended to stay in Soviet Russia. Only at long intervals I saw some of my Russian friends. I saw General Ghulam Nabi Khan leaving Moscow with great hope to conquer back Afghanistan from Bacha Sakka. And I saw him returning greatly disappointed, having fought and lost some of the bitterest battles.

Months passed on. I stayed on at Moscow. Finally I had to cut short my stay at the Red capital as there was being held an Anti-Imperialist Conference at Frunkfort in Germany. It was with some difficulty that I got the necessary visa to enter Germany. The Russian Trade Union delegation also found the same difficulty in their way to reach the Conference in time. Practically we left together at the same time. We reached on the last day of the Conference. It was a great pleasure for me to see Babu Shiva Prasad Gupta here at this conference, as related elsewhere in this book. Once more as the year was closing I arrived at Moscow. Now King Nadir Khan came to the throne of Kabul but still General Ghulam Nabi Khan was the Ambassador at Moscow. I could peep into the family struggle which was going on between the followers of King Nadir and the General, but I was no party in these

matters. I could arrange my trip to Afghanistan, so much so that the Soviet Government kindly gave a lift in their aeroplane flying between Tirmiz and Kabul. They did not even charged the regular fare of 26 English pounds.

1930.

In 1930 I just crossed Russia once again on my way from Afghanistan to Germany. Now my pockets were full. King Nadir's government had given me £300/- gold to reach America and to make a bit of propaganda inviting American capital to Afghanistan. Nothing extraordinary happened during this trip but it proved to be my last visit to Moscow. I have not visited the Red capital since then. In 1931 I could set my feet on Soviet soil at Vladivostock but I could not properly land there. I shall refer you to my account in World Federation Circular which tells its own story, how the Soviets accused Afghanistan for this hinderance and how Afghanistan Ambassador considered it Russian diplomacy. In any case since 1930 I have never been once again either at Moscow or Kabul.

IV

THIS IS AFGHANISTAN

In 1915, 1916, 1917, And 1918

In 1915 when we arrived at Herat one most interesting fact was that the old Governor of that Afghanistan province was a man of ability and humour I remember with pleasure that the Governor had the fad of presenting to his guests the smallest silver coin called *Abbasi* about the value of three annas in Indian money. When we left Herat the Governor gave me a horse whip with silver handle.

I am passing over some uninteresting and unimportant events. I want to relate here the story of a lunch with King Habibullah Khan. This lunch was given by Sardar Nasrullah Khan, the younger brother of the King, who was also the Prime Minister. It was the only occasion when I saw the King at his brother's residence. The King and his A.D. Cs. came. We sat all togethher at the lunch table. The King was in the middle, at his right sat I, and on his left sat Sardar Nasrullah. Maulana Barkatullah and Kazim Beg, who accompanied me, also were present at the lunch.

Without a plan or previous notice Kazim

Beg happened to say to the King that Raja Sahib wanted that the restriction of the turban colour for the Hindus should be removed. I was taken by a surprise, for a moment I had hardly a word to say. The king suddenly said that it was impossible. He went on to say that it was a religious question. The Muslims were not allowed to say "*Salam-El-ekum*" to non-Muslims and therefore it was necessary that Hindus should have red or yellow turbans so that Muslims could know that they were not Mussalmans. The king further went on to say that there were several more restrictions on the Hindus in his father's time which he removed such as repairing of temples and riding horses through the city. Here I said, "As you say that your Majesty removed certain restrictions, may be the King following you may remove this last restriction too". I hurriedly added that I did not want to bring up this question at all. Captain Kazim Beg brought in the matter of his own accord and then turning the conversation into religious channel I added that I was convinced that the Hindu religion and Islam had common origin. I said "Look for instance, the name of *Ibrahim* was *Abraham* in Hebrew langauge. Now if we drop 'A', the word remains '*Braham*' which is one great deity of Hindu religion." The King was greatly impressed. Noticing that my argument was well received, I continued, "The

name '*Adam*' as *Adam* has no meaning, but if we consider it as the name derived from '*Atma*', it has great meaning; because '*Atma*' in Sanskrit means soul or breath. According to the Bible story as accepted by Islam, God made a body of earth and blew in that body his breath. That shows that because *Atma* or soul was put in that body—the first human body therefore it was called *Atma* or *Adam*."

As there was time enough I went on to say that purely Persian words and Sanskrit words were mostly identical. For instance '*Pedar*' for father was similar to '*Pitra*;' again '*Madar*' was very similar to '*Matra*' meaning mother. I could find many words showing similarity. The King began to appreciate this common relation between the two languages. One of the Sardars said that the King very much appreciated some Buddhistic teachings, so much so that he had the Buddhist books translated into Persian language.

Liberal Views Of The Crown Prince

Prince Inayatullah Khan once asked me to give him my photograph. I told him that I was not handsome enough and that my photograph would hardly make an ornament. Besides that, I did not like to give a photograph. I would like to give, I said, some of my ideas. The prince laughed and said he must have my

photograph and added that he would send his own photographer who was a Hindu to take my photograph and that I might also give him my ideas. I wrote my ideas on a piece of yellow silk and presented him one day. A few days later when I, together with Kazim Beg and Maulana Barkatullah, went to see the prince, Captain Kazim seeing something on the wall, said aloud "Look here Raja Sahib, here are your ideas". I was astonished to find that side by side with the Muslim *Kalma* my ideas were put on the wall in a big frame. Such was the liberal prince ! People in India think of the Afghans only in terms of bigotry and fanaticism. They should take a lesson from this story. I take this opportunity to pray for the happiness of the soul of the late prince. After my arrival in India I heard that the prince died in the year of 1946 in Iran.

Contribution Of Afghanistan For India's Freedom.

It was no secret that King Habibullah Khan was pro-British. He was too busy with *Harem* that he had hardly any time to think of anything serious. He was perhaps afraid of using comforts and enjoyments. But his younger brother the prime Minister, was out and out anti-British. It was he who helped me financially to send our two Indian Missions to Czarist Russia.

It was he again who helped us to organise our Afridi Army in Afridi tribal-land. Here I am not telling at length of the great aid that the Sardar extended to our cause. Here I want to tell you something about the assistance which the Governor of Khanabad kindly gave me. In 1917, when I was at Khanabad, I told the Governor how I had several letters addressed to princes of India and I had one important letter addressed to the King of Nepal signed by the Prime Minister of Germany. If they could be sent to the addressees we could do some useful service. The Governor at some risk to himself suggested that he would arrange that the letters were sent out of Afghanistan. He said that he would not inform the king but he would write a secret letter to the Prime Minister, Sardar Nasrullah Khan. On my enquiry whether he would wait for an answer from Kabul he said 'no', he would arrange everything immediately. He kindly provided two horses and a passport with a guide. My companion and friend Gujar Singh or Kala Singh, who was also known as Udham Singh volunteered his services. He took the letters and with the guide, provided by the Governor, rode over difficult passes of high mountains. The arrangemen was that Mr. Singh would go to Mujahideens at Asmas and thence a Behari Muslim guide would accompany him to Nepal. The letters for the

Indian princes were to be posted in India at different towns. Three years later I heard the story that the man could accomplish his mission but unfortunately he was captured by the British when returning to Afghanistan.

Our Indian friends need know more of the friendly feeling in Afghanistan for India's freedom. King Amanullah Khan quite frankly and sincerely said once that so long as India was not free Afghanistan was not free too in the right sense. There were and there could be a few Afghans serving the interests of the British, but speaking generally the Afghans as a people are not pro-British.

Religion Of Love.

It was on Ram Navmi of 1916 that I started to write the book of Religion of Love at Kabul, Afghanistan. I did not write hurriedly. I wrote slowly as thoughts came. I finished the book at Mazari Sharif in Northern Afghanistan on Dewali day of the same year 1916. It is worth noting that I did not find the Muslim atmosphere uncongenial to my writing, I mean that when I was writing the book I felt that I was among friendly people. If thoughts have anything to do with the human minds surrounding you I can testify that the book written in Afghanistan is in harmony with true Islam.

My Tours In Afghanistan.

During those years from 1915 to 1918 I toured a bit in the land of Afghanistan. I entered the country from Persia. I arrived with my friends at the provincial capital of Herat. Then over the high mountains of Hazara we went to Kabul. In summer of 1916, I went over Bamian and Haibak to Mazari Sharif. In this connection I may tell you that Bamian was once the centre of Buddhist culture in these mountainous regions. Even today you can see two huge colossal statues on the side of a hill. There are remains of several monastries. This was the route followed by the Buddhist monks travelling overland from China to India. You can see all along the route remains of Buddhist culture. Mazari Sharif is today a place of pilgrimage for the Muslims. Hazrat Ali is supposed to have consecrated this spot. But there are reasons to believe that all this land round about here was a great centre of a great civilization. The famous ruined city of Balkh is situated nearby. The Greeks have spoken of that city and they called it Bactria. I passed that whole winter at this provincial capital of Mazari Sharif.

In spring of 1917 when flowers were peeping out of the soil and tiny birds were singing

over our heads I left with my companions to travel east. We went *via* Kunduz to Badakhshan and went higher and higher to Wakhan and reached the roof of the world, the Pamirs. It was very interesting, as we passed through the land of Bul-Bul and Ruby we enjoyed the beautiful and fragrant blossoms of fruit trees. As we moved from day to day we went to cooler and cooler regions so that each day we had new blossoms opening. Did you understand what I said? I mean, as we travelled, days became warm but as we were going to cooler places all the time spring was just beginning. At the roof of the world there are no trees, trees cannot grow due to intense cold but grass grows fine and is rich in many different kinds of multi-coloured flowers. At places you see nothing but flowers. For political reasons I had to retrace back the whole route. Winter of 1917 was also passed at Mazari Sharif and it was from Mazari Sharif at the end of February 1918 that I crossed the border into Soviet Russia.

V

LET TIBET TELL ITS OWN STORY.

Picture Of Tibet

Entering Tibet from the backdoor one hardly notices that one had already arrived on the Tibetan Table-land. Imperceptibly road rises from Sining. You go up the broad valley, passing through two hill sides you actually go over the pass. The scenery entirely changes. It is sure a vast plateaux lying before you.

To my readers, I shall refer them to the local geography. It is far inland of China. It is the province of Kansu. The Yellow River passes through it. To-day the province of Sining is separated from Kansu. This province includes Northern Tibet, what is called Kokonor.

I did not go up to see the famous lake of Kokonor. I, in my *Kafla* went along the long-trodden route. For days together there was not a single soul to be seen, outside of our party. I am not recording the events from day to day. But I should tell you that during these days we were attacked by robbers. They could not do us any harm as we were fully armed but they did rob us of one horse. It was indeed a hard job to escape the danger zone. We marched across the snowfields. A friend of ours was

frost-bitten. The town of Jeygundo, what the Chinese call Cheku proved to be an oasis in the desert. With many large mobastries and a small fortress for the troops the seat of the local Governor had a certain majesty about it. The Chinese Muslim Governor gave me a grand banquet. My visit to the mobastries proved very interesting.

Unless someone visits Tibet one is likely to build a very wrong picture about the country. It is not all wild, waste land. You come across sometimes forests and beautiful valleys. I was simply astonished to find beautiful forest around Kandasa Gomba. This temple, when I visited it in 1925 and in 1926 occupied very unique position. It was neither under Chinese control nor under The Lahasa Government. The high priest of the temple was the monarch of his own territory. Our Chinese guard had to return from this temple. And the same day that we left the temple we entered the province of Kham of Lahasa territory. The road going through the green forest by the deep blue river presented an unforgettable picture. Here was nothing of that desolate Tibet of which one hears so often. Here was all fine, nice and beautiful. If one is to judge culture by the architecture one should place the culture of Tibet very high. They actually build high houses going upto four or five storeys.

A Scuffle in Tibet.

It is the story of the first Tibetan post. We had comfortably settled at this official inn. We were not now far from Chamdo. The road to Lahasa went just before us. Here arrived a military detachment of the Tibtan forces. The Civil Officer came with presents. We were asked to return and move out of the Tibetan territory. I refused to budge and I insisted to go to Chamdo. First polite arguments followed. Next hot words were exchanged. Finally things went far enough to force us to take military measures. Tibetan troops took their position and we with our rifles prepared for every eventuality. It was at this juncture that I vehemently said to the Tibetan Officials that they would have to shoot us if they wanted to stop us from going forward. Our stubborness won the day. Next morning we could leave for Chamdo.

Chamdo.

This is a tiny little town. It is the Capital of the province of Kham. Here lives the Governor. The big monastry is situated upon the hill. Here two large rivers meet and the town is situated just upon a large flat piece of ground between the two rivers. There are hardly shops worth the name. On some market days people sell their articles in the dusty

streets. I stayed in the house of a Chinese merchant who was married to a Tibetan woman. It was rather a large house. We made ourselves comfortable by large charcoal fire. And our sheepskins and dogskins kept us warm in long chilly nights. We felt ourselves warmer and more comfortable than we actually were because we had just passed through uncomfortable places in high, cold mountains. Every morning it was a job to buy day grass and wood from Tibetan peasants who brought fuel and fodder on their backs to the town. I had engaged a Tibetan Lama to teach me Tibetan language and over a day passed in this literary pastime. Then time passed in cooking and eating under my supervision and instructions my Chinese servant to cook for me.

Visit To The Governor.

It was all fixed up. The judge and a civil and military officer had come with presents and a date was fixed, when I was to go up to the Governor's residence to see him. I rode up the hill, got off the horse where officials met me and going up the stairs found the Governor standing near the door in his room. He took his seat and asked me to sit by his side. My Indian friend and companion Mr. Dasaunda Singh sat nearby. My two interpreters and an Indian inter-

preter of the Governor remained standing. It was of course easier to speak direct to the Indian interpreter who could directly translate into Tibetan language all what I had to say. But this man being formerly an ex-sepoy of the British Army we could not possibly trust him entirely Our conversation took a circutous route and it took a very clumsy form. I tried to speak in very simple English with some words of Chinese to my Chinese interpreter, who was formerly, to tell the truth, my Rickshaw coolie. This man who knew only a few words of English and who could hardly understand my badly pronounced Chinese word tried to explain in Chinese what I said. Then my Tibetan interpreter who was in fact my groom tried to make out a good speech in Tibetan language. Here came in another difficulty. The Tibetan language which my groom spoke was not the proper official language of Lahasa, he spoke a northen dialect. To all the vicregal arguments of the Tibetan Viceroy that I as a foreigner could not stay in Tibet without proper permission from Dalai Lama, I said that another foreigner of my country Lord Nirwana Budha, sits supreme in your temples, unless you drive him out you could not logically ask me to go out. This argument had its desired effect. I was allowed to stay for some time more when in the meantime the Governor promised to write to his Central Government.

Lama Phagphala

The spiritual head of the Eastern Tibet is called Lama Phagphala. It is a kind of hereditary title. Of course Lamas do not marry and do not beget children. But Lamas like Phagphala are supposed to reincarnate themselves in other bodies. This process continues. After the death of one Phagphala babies are searched for another Phagphala. You might have heard that the lines of Dalai Lamas and Ponchan Lamas also continue in the same manner. Lama Phagphala of 1925-26 was a young man. And strange to say, contrary to the established law of the Lamas he had two lady friends. I visited the Lama at his summer residence where he was still staying, though the winter had far advanced. The reason was that due to an epidemic of small pox in the town Lama Phagphala was still staying far off in the country.

The summer residence of Lama Phagphala was beautifully situated high up in the mountains. I saw from his window a panorama so lovely, majestic and gorgeous that one could say that it had no comparison. Green hills and far below the blue river made the picture more artistic than anything the mind could imagine. Lama was very fond of animals. He had around him as pets ferocious dogs and mild-looking

bears. I got here nice Indian meal cooked by the Muslim ex-sepoy, whom I mentioned before as Indian interpreter.

Lama Phagphala was a fine looking courteous gentleman. He was very eager to know something of the world. Inspite of his being a Lama he was not particularly loyal to the great Lama of Lahasa. He had a grudge against his great chief. His position was lowered on account of his keeping two lady friends. I was told that he was supposed to be not only the spiritual head of Kham, but also the ruler of the land. To-day however, the situation was different. To-day ruled in Kham the Governor appointed by the Dalai Lama. In any case, we became good friends and I was often meeting him during my sojourn at Chamdo.

My Life at Kandasagumba.

Politics are politics. I could not continue my stay at Chamdo. Politely, but definitely I was given to understand, that I must move out of the Lahasa controlled territory and wait at least out for two months to receive an answer to my letter to Dalai Lama. Reluctantly I went to the Khandasagumba. To that no-man's land, a buffer state between China and Tibet, I had to trace back my footsteps. When I arrived there I found that I was an unwel-

come guest. I begged them to find for me a house in the mobastry. But they all said that there was no vacant room and they suggested that I should better go to the Chinese territory. At this stage I had to take the law in my own hands. Led by a Lama informer I ordered a lock to be broken of an absentee Lama and we occupied the building. It was nice little house of two storeys. I occupied a room and my companions stayed in the adjacent room. Our horses were driven in day to grazing ground. The life here was very monotonous. In the morning I used to read the Granth Saheb. Later in the day I was reading books and studying Tibetan from a Lama. Everyday in the afternoon, by way of excercise I was going round the whole mobastry around Among the Budhists it is also considered a holy act to walk round a mobastry. My Chinese servant used to make for me Chinese food. He had also learned to make a couple of Indian dishes. I was also fond of taking Tibetan Champa which is not different from Indian *Sattu*. I can call it ever-ready-made food. Barley is baked in iron pan and then made into flour. This baked Barley flour can be eaten at any time mixed with some little tea or water.

Once very heavy snow fell in the Valley. A foot or more deep snow was lying all around and it took a long time to see the bare ground

once again. My Tibetan teacher told me that some kind of animals were inhabiting the wood around in summer and by the description he gave me of animals I understood that they must be bears. He said they looked like man and that they had long hair. I asked him whether it was possible to shoot them. He said, of course "it was easy but it was no good." He told me that he knew where they lived in winter. Next day I made the Lama to act as my guide and I with a couple of Indian, Chinese Tibetan companions set forth for the hunt. I travelled far in the great expectation of finding the bears. When we had gone over the hills and through the valleys, the Lama pointed to a tree and said that the animal was there. It was a great shock and disappointment to find that he meant not a bear but a monkey. Of course, without shooting the naughty animal we returned home the afternoon quite exhausted.

Devil Dance.

No Tibetan account can be complete without a reference to the devil dance I had the good-luck of seeing one at Khandasagumba. Just before the temple, in the spacious ground the dance was put up. The high priest sat in the balcony above. A silk Shamiana was erected for me as the special guest. The famous Tibetan concert of twenty or more instruments

occupied a place just opposite me. Lamas with devil head of many different kinds of animals and beasts and demons danced in the countyard. There was nothing of any exciting leaping or whirling. They just went round in measured steps following the sweet music which at times became a bit too loud. There hands moved graciously to and fro.

Back From Tibet.

On my return to Chamdo we were given quarters in the old Chinese Yamen or the official residence. Soon after arrived an answer to my letter to Dalai Lama. The Holy of the Holiest of the Lama Church sent me a letter under his own seal. The letter was very polite but was very explicit in advising me not to come to Lahsa. We were verbally told by the Governor of Kham that we are now practically free to stay on or leave. In fact it was also hinted that we could proceed to Lahsa if we so desired. But our financial position was too bad. We were practically bankrupt. Under the circumstances we could hardly think of embarking on a new adventure. I decided to return to China. We sold some horses and we left. Tibetan authorities kindly ordered that the horses and ponies or luggage should be supplied free all along the route throughout the Tibetan territory. A couple of officers and men also accompanied us.

At every stage a canopied bed was prepared for and all the necessary articles of our daily needs were officially supplied. It was a long journey over shoulders of hills we had to ride. At places snow was still lying deep but we managed to pass through. All this route was beautiful with lovely scenery of green mountain sides with streams flowing through the valleys. And it was populated enough to have inns and villages all along the route, I mean at every stage we could lodge ourselves in well-built Tibetan houses. The Prime Minister and the Commander-in-Chief of Tibet came somehow at this time to inspect the Chinese Frontier. I met him at a small village where he was sojourning.

VI

THIS IS CHINA

My Wanderings In China

My first glimpse of China was through her backdoor. It was in 1920. I was astonished to have my first Chinese breakfast at the Chinese Yamen at Tashkurghan, consisting of forty dishes or more. My friend and companion, the Afghan Colonel did not do full justice to this fine breakfast. He was too suspicious of the Chinese meals, suspecting that it might have some pork in it, though the Chinese Amban had assured us that there was no beef or swine flesh in it.

This I called the first glimpe of China through the backdoor. I had seen a bit of Shanghai and Hongkong as arly as 1907 when I travelled first round the world. It was not a visit to China. I just passed through the two ports.

In 1923 I visited Peking and stayed over a month. A novel-like fact was that my friend, who became my good friend, Mr. Lin Chang Ming was the Minister of justice in 1917 who at that time had ordered a warrnt to be issued to arrest me if I should enter

China from Afghanistan. Not once but on several occassions in my life I met such strange situations. Mr. Lin and I used to talk long on Chinese situation. Another strange fact about his acquaintance was that as early as 1915, a friend of Mr. Lin, the Chinese ambassador at Rome had given me a letter of introduction to him. That ambassador had died but for the sake of his memory Mr. Lin received me always as his old friend. Mr. Lin gave me a banquet at his house and he arranged a tea party at the imperial garden. The President of the Chinese Parliament presided at this function.

I was having dinners and parties but it was feared that the British might try to have me arrested under their extra-territorial rights. But the French embassy was in my favour and the French Charge-de-Affairs had promised me that he would inform me if the British took any steps to enforce their extra-territorial rights against me. The French Charge-de-Affairs told me that the British were sending telegraphic reports every day about me to London. Be as it may I moved freely and spoke very loudly against the British Empire. The Russian representatives assured me that should the British try to do any mischief against me it would create an ial scandal.

Finally I took leave of Peking, went to Kalken by train and thence went by a motor car over the Goby desert. I arrived safely at Urga or Ulanbator, the capital of outer Mongolia, in four days. After the desolate picture of the sandy desert and grand steppees it was a surprise to find the lonely scene around the capital. The sparkling river, the busy town, large temples and the hills with their green trees all were a bit unexpected items for this trip to little known and forbidden outer Mongolia. I resided here at a Tartar hotel of Russian style.

I should not speak more of
which is now officially recognised as an independent country. I should speak of my second visit to Peking in 1925. At this time there was a kind of political storm raging in the land. Once at this time I spoke together with Mme. Sunyat Sen from the same platform. We spoke at a large public meeting, in favour of the Chinese revolution.

The Japanese did not like my intimate friendship with the Chinese revolutionary personalities. It was striking that I was suddenly called back to my hotel from the great public meeting with the message that the Assistant Military Attache of the Japanese Legation wanted to speak with me on some important question. When I found later on

my arrival at my hotel that the business was not so important as to demand my immediate attention I could notice that I was called away from the Chinese revolutionary gathering. I hurried back to the meeting and took some active part on the occasion but it was clear that my Chinese friends did not like my going away to see Japanese military officer. Such situations may come across to some of my readers and therefore I want to warn them to sefeguard themselves against any unnecessary complications. In this case for instance I could not please the Chinese as well as Japanese, though I had my hearty sympathies for both the nations.

I made acquaintance of a communist Chinese Judge. He somehow became very sympathetic to me. He went with me upto Kalgan and introduced me to Marshal Feng Yii Shiang. The Marshal was kind to me. He made me his special guest and asked me to speak to his officers from Captains to Generals. Quite a large gathering of officers was organised and I lectured. Marshal himself also came to the meeting and it was surprising to me that he took notice of my talk as a student would do in his class. Such modesty is surely rare among the top officers. One other such case I remember when my Turkish friend and companion

Captain Kazim Beg lectured to the Afghanistan officers and the Commander-in-Chief of Afghanistan himself attended the lecture of the Captain and he was seen taking notes of the important points.

After some talk with the Marshal he agreed to help me to go to Tibet. He promised me to supply a Chinese passport to travel in the interior, give me two mauser pistols and five rifles with ammunitions and help me to forward hard cash to the Tibetan border through a Chinese merchant. I returned to Peking to arrange the details of the long tour through deserts and over the mountains. My story of Tibet is already related in these pages. Through Kalgan. Paotao, Ningcha and Lanchow I went to Tibet. All this route passed through the interior of China. Upto Paotao we travelled by chinese carts each driven by four horses. In these carts only two men sit besides the driver ; and luggage is tied at the back.

One thing I always like to repeat. It was so astounding. The Chinese General of Ningcha proposed that I took his twenty-five thousand troops and attack the British in India and thus liberate my native land.

At Lanchow we had another astonishing experience. One afternoon as we were quietly

staying at a Chinese hotel a word came that a rebellion had broken out. Traffic was suddenly stopped. Heavy gates of the city were closed and soon we saw some soldiers mounting a hill commanding the city. They opened fire on the city garrison. Next morning we heard that the old Governor of Lanchow had fled and a new military officer became the governor through *Coupe detat.* I had been received by the old Governor and now the new Governor gave me a banquet. Scenes change thus sometimes suddenly in China.

I always remember the military welcome given to me by General Machi of Sining Fu. A large number of troops lined up and as I passed through them they saluted in military fashion with their rifles. I spoke at the large meeting arranged by the general. A local officer who knew English well, translated my talk. It was here that I bought twentyone horses and two mules. One large mule, taller than a pony cost me the double price. It was specially chosen for my riding whenever I would have to travel long distances. I also had a fine Chinese pony for my riding. It went a very quick pace without giving jerks to the rider. Two officers of the General at his command helped me to buy these horses and mules and sadles with full equipments

as well as such articles of use in Tibet and dogskins and sheepskin, coats and trousers, with, of course sheepskin gloves and socks as well as waistcoats.

Back To China.

I need not repeat the story of Tibet here. You have already heard it at length. I jump over therefore the intervening mountain ranges and tell you something of my return journey in China proper. We reached a place in Szechnan which was in flood at the time. Here we could hire a floating platform of forest trees and glided down the flooded river. In Sui En we were astonished to find quite a respectable town. Streets were paved with stones and electric light brightened at night. Here we also got a decent small steamer to ply down the Yangtse river. Twice we had to change steamers. We passed through the newly-made famous Chunking, Capital of China. Equally famous were and are the Yangtse gorges. It is very dangerous for the steamers to pass through them. The great river goes through at a very high speed carrying the steamers with it. Finally we reached Hankow—the greatest inland riverport. Seafaring steamers come up to this port when river is in flood. Hankow is a very busy city. It is devided into three different parts parted

Tibetan articles and still more precious documents were stolen.

Back at Peking I felt at home. I got a room at the hotel where I stayed in the previous year and in 1923. It was at this time when I met now famous Mr. Wellington Kôo, former Chinese ambassador at London and just as I am writing in 1947, he is the Chinese ambassador at Washington. This was interesting. I was asked to wait. When I waited a few minutes a young handsome Chinese gentleman stepped in. I told him the purpose of my visit in a few words and then I expressed my desire to see His Excellency Mr. Koo. I was greatly astonished when he said that he was the minister. I was talking to him as if he was a Secretary to the minister. But now I apologised for not showing him due regard. Another thing that I remember is that Mr. Koo came out of the outer gate to see me off and several dogs of very fine breeds accompanied him.

Later when I was deported from Japan and I returned to Peking, the dictator of North China in those days Marshal Wu Pei Fu received me a few miles outside of the capital. A special train took me to his temporary headquarters. I must say it was nothing unusual. His special guests were always taken by special

trains. He himself lived in his military train standing by a platform. On this platform I took lunch with the marshal, as if we were in a camp. Now I did not stop long in China. I travelled back to Moscow and Kabul via Mukden Harbin and Manchuli.

Visit To China In 1927-28.

Travelling once again round the world through America and Japan, I arrived at Shangai towards the end of 1927. It was to attend the second and the last Pan Asiatic Conference. The first Pan Asiatic Conference was held at Nagasaki, Japan, The chief mover and organisor was Mr. Imasato Juntaro. He was still the soul of Pan Asiatic Conference. But now as the Conference was being held at Shanghai our friend Mr. Hawang Kung Su was made the President for the year. I was their chief guest, in fact I had to decide all the complicated details. One thing I never forget. In one of the meetings of the Conference, the Japanese delegation proposed that China should hand over Manchuria to Japan. I got quite irritated and I said how a younger brother can demand the land of a wife of his elder brother. My tone and my answer disarmed the Japanese completely at the occasion. Later however the mistake was committed to the great loss of Japan as well as China.

In 1928 I stayed as a guest of the Chinese republic and lectured in Japan on behalf of an Eastern Society. Later I hurried back to Moscow and Afganistan which however, I could not reach till 1930 due to internal disturbances. It is another story.

End of 1930 once again brought me to Japan and China via the United States. On a plane I visited Nanking and returned to Japan with a view to go to Afghanistan via Soviet Russia. This I could not do for reasons related elsewhere. From summer 1931 to spring 1933 I had a formal office of World Federation at Tientung Khu near the Imperial Palace Peking. The story of day to day of those days was printed and published through our monthly circular. How I opened free school, how I talked without any fees, how I held World Federation club meetings and how on Sundays we prayed according to the unity of religions and the Religion of Love—all this and more are things of those days.

In 1934, 1936 and again in 1941 I paid flying visits to China covering several important cities. In 1934 due to the British pressure from Hongkong I was deported from Canton by the Cantonese dictator, a general who was later ousted from his capital.

VII

THIS IS AMERICA

America

Now this is the story of America. Not once, not twice but as many as six times I was in the United States of America.

In 1907 when I first toured the world, trotting in the American fashion on our arrival at NewYork I and my wife were met by a hoard of newspapermen. My wife could not somehow agree to have her photographed. It appeared that a certain news cabled from England had given that a great prince of India was travelling by that boat. It was therefore assumed that I was the personage. The more vehemently I protested that I was not a prince, the more they thought that I was trying to conceal my identity. I was taken to have been travelling incognito. And why not, they were perhaps arguing that a man travelling with his wife accompanied by an English lady doctor, travelling of course by first class could not be a poor man. Only a little more imagination pictured to them a prince riding an elephant perforce using a black big ship.

Next day newspapers of NewYork brought out the news of my arrival at the great port. I remember that at least one or two newspapers

gave several times wide heading saying "hailed as prince but simple Mohander Bardad Sinha".

I must also mention that inspite of my big turban and the flowing silk saree of my wife and the white face of our doctor companion, I could not find it easy to find accomodation in some of the biggest hotels. Wherever we went we were told, "Sorry we are all full up". Later a hotel manager directed me to another hotel wnere he said I could find comfortable rooms. Yes, we found fine suite of rooms in this hotel. Later it dawned upon me that this hotel must have been recommended to me with special reason. The servants at this hotel were all negroes. To tell the truth I did not find the heavily built black face specially disgusting. Their big strong bodies, thickly built gave proofs of their well-developed manhood.

Another thing which comes to mind at this moment is that we had to spend quite a lot of money for our horse carriage. If I mistake not we spent more than fifty rupees for riding through the parks and seeing a bit of sight. My memory reflects something like fifty rupees spent in these rides. If it was fifty dollars it would become hundred fifty rupees. Fearing exaggeration I have as noted above stated over rupees fifty only.

It was my whirlwind tour. Readers of my

autobiography should know that in four months I did the world tour. From New York we went down to Washington. We visited the White House famous all over the world. Though we did not enter the main building yet we got sufficient general outlook of the presidential place. Its gardens and parks with their green shades made a beautiful setting for the White House, named white and actually white. We did not see, however, much of the states in that trip. We crossed on to Canada.

Full fifteen years passed by of which four years were of stormy world war. In 1922 I went once again to the New world. I was not however, allowed to land in the United States, due to my alliance with Germany during this war of 1914-18. I went to Mexico, visited the beautiful city of Platean, went to Salina Cruz on the Pacific. Thence I got an old Japanese steamer which brought me to San Francisco. Now here I was allowed to land and get a glimpse of California.

The Secretary of the Gaddar Party took me from the steamer direct to the Head Quarters of the Gaddar Party. Next day he took me to a meeting of the Indians in the interior. It happened that day a large number of Indians had gathered to found a new India Association. I spoke at the meeting. It was for me a new experience that when I came

out of the meeting some Indian friends tried to put in my hands five, ten, twenty dollars. I did not accept a single dollar but I could see that there was a chance of collecting some decent sum for some good plan. The object lesson of this trip was never lost in my mind. Readers will read later how I returned to the United States three years later to collect money and organise my mission to Tibet. Early next morning I paid a visit to the Sikh Gurdwara at Stockton and the same day boarded my steamer for Japan.

Year 1925.

Travelling through Japan, Peking, Mangolia and Moscow I returned to Afghanistan. And after a year's stay in that land, rolling through Moscow and Berlin I reached New York on the 1st of January, 1925. I remember that there was total eclipse of the sun at that time which I saw with my friends from a part of the city. Colonel Emerson, my old friend of Berlin had returned to his native land. He helped me to publish my war experiences in the monthly magazine 'Asia' in the month of May. At Gary it was my pleasing experience to make acquaintance of a negro lady of mixed breed who looked exactly like an Indian lady. She was the editor of the 'Gary Sun'. She published articles about me. It is very inte-

resting to note here that now in year 1947, I have just received a letter from the same lady.

When I arrived in California I was given an enthusiastic welcome by our Gaddar Party. Soon I put forth my plan of the trip to Tibet. In one meeting after an hour's talk, I collected cash and promises for about 7500 dollars within a week later the amount I asked for 10,000 dollars for the trip to Tibet and two thousand dollars as aid to Indian Colleagues left destitute in Europe. These two thousand dollars, of course, were duly sent to my friends on the continent. I had also asked for seven volunteers to accompany me on the trip. Twelve or more volunteers came forward. I selected seven of them. As they had not paid any taxes to the States quite a big sum was asked by the customs. But my bargaining with the customs officers greatly reduced the total amount. My argument that we were going on a political campaign and we were against the British Empire did the miracle. We boarded a nice Japanese mail boat and we were off for the far East. It is the story of summer 1925.

The United States In 1927.

Once more travelling round the world, I landed at New York. I was accompanied by

my friend Moulana Barkat Ulla, we travelled by five deluxe German boat, Our friend Moulana being ill and it being very hot at New York it was no pleasure to stay long at the port city. We crossed the continent visiting Detroit, and Chicago on the way. It happened that our friend the Moulana began to get weak rather too quickly. All our goodwill and endeavour in the interest of his health could not save him. The day came when he passed away peacefully in a San Francisco hospital. One thing is worth noting that at his funeral prayers hymns were recited from Hindu, Muslim and Sikh religions.

During my stay in California at this time I lectured as usual at different societies and associations and I stayed all the time when at San Francisco at Firewood street, the head-quarters of the Gaddar Party. Receiving invitations from Japan and China for the second Pan Asiatic Conference I left the states.

The States In 1930.

Another trip round the world brought me to New York. This time I arrived by an Italian boat on a semi-official mission of Afghanistan. King Nadir Khan had asked me to get American capital interested in Afghanistan. So here I was. I lectured to many

different kinds of groups at New York, Detroit, Chicago and in California. It was a new interesting experience to get opportunities to speak to millionaires on one side and communists on the other. I can call my trip as greatly successful because American mission proceeded to Afghanistan as a result of my propaganda in the interest of Afghanistan. Once again I left the Californian shores following the solar treck towards the west.

In 1935.

This was a special visit from the far East to the far west. I came from Japan to California. For about two months I stayed in the land lecturing up and down the country. I spoke in over twenty well-attended meetings. It was not an official or semi-official trip. I just dropped in to preach World Federation and the unity of religion in the new world. I made some very fine acquaintances.

VIII

THIS IS JAPAN

JAPAN

Last but not of the least importance is the story of my sojourn in the land of cherry and Chrysanthemum. As early as 1907 I once visited Nippon with my wife on my first round-the-world trip. I was hardly a week in the land and yet I visited five different parts and cities or famous touring resorts. We landed at Yokohama, went upto the capital Tokyo. We visited Nikko and Kyoto and boarded the steamer from Kobe on our way back to India.

I still remember the gala scenes of Yokohama, beautiful oriental decorations of the Japanese streets. That Japan was practically lost in the next two decades.

At Yokohama I bought Japanese prigs and tiny trees, This is a special art of Japan and China. By cutting the roots they make dwarfs of the trees. For example a mango tree will not grow more than a few inches high and yet will bear annually blossom and fruits. They make practically dwarfs of all the great trees. There are dwarfs, they say, two hundred or three hundred years old, but you see very often dwarfs five, ten or twenty years old. I

bought quite a number of these trees and brought back to India in 1907. One of those two Japanese prigs which I brought to India was the lightest dog ever imported in the country. I bought also several fine specimens of needlework of Japan. Japan was renowned then and still is renowned for fine handiwork though in recent years, it has become famous for cheap industrial goods.

JAPAN IN 1922-23.

It was a long break. I could not revisit Japan till 1922. In November of that year I arrived in Japan under quite different conditions. In 1907 I was travelling with my wife and we had an English lady doctor to attend on us. It was our pleasure trip with lot of money in our pockets.

Now I was an exile for all practical purposes though my pockets still had some gold. I was travelling with a passport of Afghanistan. I rented two rooms in a hotel, the same hotel of those days. Babu Rash Behari Bose, Mr. Sabarwal and Mr. Rafi were helpful in finding my way and in finding a shelter in the new environment of the Japanese Capital. Mr. Mimasaka, a young gentleman fresh from University helped me as my private secretary. Full five months I was busy propagating facts about Afghanistan and heralding the need of

freedom for India. I was a non-official representative of his Majesty King Amanulla Khan and I was still believed to be the official head of the Provisional Government of India. I could score great success as the atmosphere that had developed suited my purpose. The great disappointment of the Japanese nation at the Washington Conference where the British Empire betrayed Japan, helped me to reach the hearts of the Japanese people. In many meetings I spoke, many dinners I ate and many newspapers carried my messages The British got quite terrified by my propaganda. The same thing, however, I won't say of the British ambassador Sir Charles Eliot. He was a splendid gentleman with a certain faith in Budhism. He tried to approach me through the German ambassador, P. E. Dr. Solf. He wanted to have a talk with me on my religious views, but my friend Babu Rash Behari asked me not to see the British ambassador, as my seeing him might make the Japanese friends a bit suspicious. It happened that I followed his advice.

My routine work continued. Getting up early in morning I attended to my office. Mr. Mimasaka, my secretary, would come punctually and we would plunge into correspondence or in writing articles for the press. Now and then a phone call would disturb the flow of thought. Next some visitor would appear to have a talk. Arrangement were made for this visit, lunch,

dinner, tea or that lecture. It continued for about five months. In April, when cherry blossoms were at their height, I left Tokyo, proceeded to Kyoto, another famous place and once capital. It was only a sight-seeing trip. I did not stop there. I continued my journey to Peking.

Japan In 1925.

Two years or a bit more later, I once again arrived at the port of Yokohama. Landing was a problem this time as well. Present difficulty was that my Sikh volunteers had no passports. I had sent a couple of wires to my friends in Japan and they had sent some special recommendations and friends to the port. But the police technicalities had to be crossed when foreign travellers were passed through. We were allowed to land. Japanese authorities however, found it difficult to keep my volunteers in Japan without proper papers. Dr. Sumeiohkawa of the South Manchurian Railway kindly arranged that my volunteers were taken by a friend to Munchurian border safely and comfortably. I stayed on for a month at Tokyo. Banquets, meetings, and visits followed each other. At this occasion, Count Sakai gave me a big reception. I still have a photograph taken at that time. Mr. Khasia, the president of the Japanese 'Diet' Parliament was present on the occasion. My friend Count Sakai who to-day is

in the war criminal camp, is also in that picture. I lectured here and there but my mind was not in them. I was dreaming of the far off Tibet and preparing for the long journey. I went to a far off town in the interior of Japan to meet a Japanese gentleman who was once in Tibet. It was a great disappointment for me to find that the gentleman was quietly busy in his trade of carpentry. "Was it the reward that a nation awards to a great son of one's nation", I said to myself and I whispered my feelings to my secretary. He, however, defending Japan gave me the explanation that the gentleman was not educated and hence he could not push himself forward in the society. Another gentleman, a great traveller of Tibet was not so unknown a person. Reverent Kawa Guchi, who had written a book about his journey and sojourn in Tibet was already a famous personality. He kindly gave me some important hints about Tibet and the Tibetans. He also knew important personalities at the court of Dalai Lama. I must thankfully declare that some of his views proved useful in my Tibetan trip.

JAPAN IN 1926.

This is a story which ended in tragedy, not in actual death of somebody but the end was painful. Five telegrams asking me to come to Japan to attend the first Pan-Asiatic League Conference at Nagasaki, brought me to Japan. I came without a passport because my passport was stolen on my

way back from Tibet between Hankow and Peking. Japanese police at port of Moji did not allow me to land. Moji was the first port where our steamer anchored in the Japanese water and it was the nearest port to take me direct to Nagasaki. At Kobe, the next port where we came to was also barred for me. Our Indian friends who came to see me, brought some Indian food and Indian sweets and pleaded at length with the obstinate Japanese police to allow me to land. But all their pleadings did not bear fruit and our steamer proceeded to the port of Osaka. Here, however, a change came over the situation as the Governor of Osaka sanctioned my landing on certain conditions. The police chief asked me to sign those conditions. This, however, I refused to do. I said if I were to sign conditions I would have been by now in India. There was a great deal of bargaining on the point but as I refused to land on any conditions the police authorities simply read out the conditions to me and told me that it was expected that I would observe them and that I was free to land. I told them that I did not promise anything. Still I was allowed to go to a first class hotel and stay there. One of the conditions was that I was not to go out of the city of Osaka. Yes, I did not to go out. Another condition was that I was not to attend or speak at any meeting. True, I did not attend any public meeting. But I did not refuse delicious parties and at one or two such parties, I remember, I

spoke a few words. This public goodwill of the Japanese people annoyed the police authorities but they did not take steps to lock me up.

The last and the most important condition was that I would leave Japan after ten days. Now I was not prepared to leave the country quietly. My friends who organised and attended the Pan-Asiatic Conference at Nagasaki came back to Osaka to meet me. Photos were taken, private conferences were held, declarations were given to the press to make known my mission of unity. Mr. Rash Behari Bose also took me to the chief of the police at Osaka. I told Mr. Rash Behari Bose that I was not to obey the order of leaving Japan, but he did not like to explain this point to the chief of the police. Next day, the tenth day, the inevitable order came that steamer was in the port, ready to sail and I was to board it and leave for China. I said, I never promised to observe this condition and that I had done nothing against Japan and therefore I could not obey that order. I considered that order wrong and I said that our Mahatma Gandhi had taught that by obeying a wrong order one helped the wrong. I said, I would not walk on my feet to help that wrong order. They could, however, carry me to the steamer if they liked. There was quite a fuss over this situation. Members of the Asiatic League came and gave me their different advices uncalled for. The police authorities phoned to Tokyo

to get the orders from high up. At the end, as the steamer was getting very late, I was taken up and carried by two stalwart policemen. It was arranged by my friends that cinema photographers and ordinary photographers had assembled to 'shoot' me. Series of the photos were taken and published in the press in due course. My photos in the arms of the policemen were published around the globe. It was a great sensation of the day.

JAPAN IN 1927.

My Japanese friends did not betray me. They persuaded me to revisit Japan and I did come within a year and a half. This time I came to attend the second Pan=Asiatic Conference at Shanghai. I came once more travelling ronnd the world. My story in 1927 was very short but the reception given to me was by no means poor. A very large crowd of the Ronins gatherd to greet me. I may inform my readers that the Ronins in Japan are those who do not follow any profession but live mostly by donations of their friends. They are a set of people who spy on their own people in the interest of the country and gladly lay down their lives when necessary. They are as a rule opposed to a weak-kneed governmental machinery. My deportation was taken by them as a sure sign of the weakness, of their foreign office which made me leave the country

to please the British. At least this was their interpretation and this was the reason of the enthusiastic reception which I received at their hands. I still have a photo taken at that occasion.

Japan In 1928.

It also was not my long visit. I just came to lecture round in Japan at the invitation of one Mr. T. Nakatani, himself a Ronin. Upto last year (1946), he was a member of the Japanese parliament. He took me round to his groups and friends where I spoke in English and he translated into Japanese my talks. Some other friends also invited me to meet them and deliver my harangues.

Japan In 1930-31.

It was also not a visit to Japan that I paid in 1930. I was just passing through the country. In 1930, I went not on an unofficial mission, but a royal mission to the United States. I went to America on behalf of king Nadir Khan of Afghanistan to invite American Capital to the land of my adoption. I was now just returning to Kabul once again. And this was my way over Japan, China and through Soviet Russia. I could see that the Japanese did not very much like the idea that the American Capital should penetrate into central Asia, but there were some Japanese Capitalists too who were prepared to join hands with the

Americans to exploit the undeveloped countries. Such men in Japan gave me some receptions in their own ways. They were not enthusiastic welcome meetings but they were surely business conferences. I did not however, stay long in Japan. I went on to China and when I came back to Japan I came to proceed to Vladivastock, to proceedback to Afghanistan.

It happened that somehow I could not land at Vladivostock. I returned to Japan. And now it was a serious problem to me where to stay and what to do? My Indian friends at Kobe collected for me some little money and I decided with their consent to proceed to Peking and establish my World Federation office at the old capital of China. And this I did.

Japan In 1932-33-1934

In 1932, I just visited Japan during the summer. Summer in Japan is cooler than in north China and I also had to replenish my fast dwindling funds. My stay was very short but meetings were held and I spoke in small gatherings.

In 1933, I gave up my office at Peking or Peping as it was now called and came to Japan to find some new field of activity. I was invited by a society of unity in Monchugo to lecture in the new country.

I went and lectured round. It was only a short trip across the sea surrounding Japan. I returned to Japan and started publishing my World Federation from Japan I welcomed fghanistan Legation to Tokyo. I was glad that after all diploamtic relations could be established between the two countries. In October or round about, I made a new plan of organising an Asiatic or a People's Army. Some important Japanese accepted my idea. I drew up the plan and started enlisting volunteeres. With a Japanese secretary, I toured round all Japan from Tokyo to Hokaido. I was welcomed everywhere. I went and got a few signatures as volunteers and friends of the movement. Soon after this tour, I went alone to Manchugo and China to enlist more volunteers and friends. I returned to Japan from Canton in south China. Once again I left on another tour of Manchugo and inner Mongolia This is the story of 1934.

Japan In 1935–36.

In 1935, I went to Phillipines and came back to Japan. Again in the same year I went to California for two months and returned to Japan. I was mostly staying at a small hotel during 1933 and 1934 when I was in Japan. But in 1935 and 1936, I rented a Japanese house for myself and stayed therein alone. My activities were mostly in the line of World Federation. Asiatic Army could not develop due to official hindrances, and unseen obstacles.

The official class throughout tried to put obstacles through their agents. But my work of World Federation was not considered dangerous. I was holding meetings. I was publishing our monthly circular.

In 1936, when I received a letter from Mahatma Gandhi, it was impossible for me to stay at one place for a long time. I drew up a plan of founding World Federation centre near Tokyo. I collected some little money, bought a piece of land and started building cottages in 1937. In September 1937, I could occupy my cottage at World Federation centre. Since then I anchored at this haven. In 1936 and in 1941, I paid short visits of two month each to neighbouring China, but I can say that for long ten years from 1936 to 1946 my home was in Japan.

Japan In 1936 to 1946

I published my "World Federation" in Japan from 1933 to 1942 with only a couple of exceptions. I wrote quietly many books and pamphlets, stories and dramas from 1940 to 1945. I held meetings from time to time at our centre, only some rare gatherings were held in the city proper. In 1939 when war broke out in Europe I became restless and I tried to proceed to Europe but I could not. In 1940, I organised 'Executive Board for India' to free India. I was its president, Babu Rash Behari Bose was its Vice-president, Mr.

Anand Mohan Sahai was its Chief Secretary. On the 22nd November, 1941, I started my movement of Aryan Army. But when war broke out on the 8th of December of that year, Japan started its own Indian organisation. I could not agree with the Japanese plans and I was ordered to sit quiet at our centre, on the 6th of March, 1942. Then started my forced quiet life. In 1945 when war came to an end, I thought I would have now complete liberty to leave Japan and do as I thought fit. But it was not to be so. On 14th of September 1945, I was arrested and locked up as a war criminal under the orders of the occupying army. For full five months I was in prison under the American guards. It is a chapter by itself. I was in Japan and yet out of Japan because I was in American custody.

In February 1946, when I came out of the prison I tried my best to get home in India. It took five month more to get the required permission. During these days, I lived in an uncertainty. The Japanese that I had was worthless. Japanese money had lost its value. Inflation was ruling I was invited still by some Japanese friends to lunches and meetings but thrice I got ill due to bad food. I had to sell some of my things to buy my daily needs. It is true we got some rationed articles very cheap but my money in hand was not sufficient for even rationed articles. Fruits of my garden were yet to come. Under these circumstances, one day in

July 1946, came the news that I was allowed to return home, not as an Indian but as a states person, a man without a country. On the 21st July 1945, I left Kurey, the Japanese port occupied by the Indo-British army. Thus ends my story of Japan.